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Theseus

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LEE POSNA

THESEUS

80 Do you see him blind on his knees before the wooden cask. Feeling for the switch. To stir the mare's milk. Hear the toothy mare turn in wind. Mare the brown musk in wet tamarisk, November. His black sockets. The stars blow bouncing like voices on the sea of grass. He hears the tree sifting links of light, the sea sinking late. Turning. Theseus dreams of a road. Yesterday the bone pipe into massive mare's warm. A road, Theseus. He felt a somehow endless blade of grass, thin and flown like a hair, tracing it north. Lacy wind pushing milk-loss across the darker northern spin. Fingers losing milk in the gastric north, cold fingers squeezing cold toes for star-heat in black. Blue roses finish ice. Theseus, a road. Dark less a shaft in the sea. The day of curdling ends, milk-ebb slaps down his nose. Stars, black Theseus, the viscous pulse pouring through your teeth. On the road he slays, leaving like a shadow, the road to power, north through murderer and muscle and bad. Swift as shade in dirt. He remembers a tree from his eyes when he was a kid. Grown over this long night, as single things do, its trunk now so great it would take a bird nine hundred years to fly around it. The curvature lost, so that it seems a wall of wood.

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